

## AN OLD MAID.

BY ALICE COLLIER.

A lowering morning which made one wish for the sunny South or far Italy, for any place which would make one feel happier than could this dismal morning in Wisconsin. And then to think that this train could not make connection with the eastward-bound train! It is hard enough to stop at such a miserable little junction at any time, but to spend three hours here this dark morning must prove the very refinement of torture. There are a dozen passengers who must wait and who prepare to make the best of their stay here. One couple, evidently just married, find the clouds of a rosy color, and they walk out of the smoky old depot to make a tour of the little town, talking eagerly the while. Two young fellows wander uneasily about, reading all the old tattered papers, glowing inducements to go West, and ancient time tables, which invariably decorate the stained walls of a country depot. These young fellows finally utter exclamations of impatience at the dreary monotony, and go across the street to the hotel, hoping to find something there more congenial to them. Two ladies at once take their departure for the hotel, and other people stroll out about the depot, and there are left two persons, a man and a woman, who, after a little time, settle themselves to reading to pass away the weary moments. He reads his paper, she her book, and occasionally, woman like, she casts a look at her silent companion, wondering what loved ones are awaiting her arrival and whether he is impatient to greet them, or if he feels a man's stoicism in regard to it; wondering, too, how it is that each woman thinks that masculine eyes connected with hers no full of manly graces and beauty in those rugged features? Then she turned her gentle eyes toward the window and looked out at the dreary landscape, looked with eyes which saw not outward objects, but were introspective solely. An old man, commonly supposed to be the type of discontent and unrest; but here, evidently, the type failed, for this face expressed the utmost content. Life had been filled with much of sorrow for her. All her bright plans had failed of fruition; one after another she had bidden goodbye to them, and had turned bravely again to face the coming of a new future, a future to be peopled again by her bright fancies—the old fancies all dead and gone from her except as they lingered in memory. An old maid she is, so far as years go, but no home is happier than her little ideal home. She has filled its rooms with bright little faces, eagerly calling to mother, and the dream father is strong, earnest, helpful and loving. Her dream-home is happier far than many a fine lady's real home, although she has not pictured any grandeur about it. Oh, no, she knows that the carpets are faded from much sun and light and worn from the tread of many little feet, and there is much planning to "make both ends meet," but she has imagined herself living in this ideal home, and loving herself as she can make all trials in regard to ways and means seem very straight indeed. Her companion in this dream is an elderly person, a stout, large man, with keen eyes and a mouth at complete odds with the eyes, not belonging to them apparently. Often eyes do not harmonize in coloring with the rest of the face, but generally expressions are akin. This man had a sensitive mouth, one with a mournful droop to it. Those who looked at him caught themselves wondering which would conquer—keen, hard eyes, or sensitive mouth. He read for some time, then gave a quick look at the thoughtful face near him, and said abruptly: "Not a very pleasant arrangement, this."

A quick flush passed over the gentle face before him—a flush which his keen eyes noted instantly and understood—a flush which told of the girl's blush, and said: "That is a bad thing to say," she said, in her timid way.

"A true thing, though," he responded, and the corners of his sensitive mouth drooped a little more. "I feel as if I had nothing left to live for. My wife died a year ago—here the voice broke. Distress ever calls some souls out from their reserve, and here was such a one, and she died quickly. 'Ah, but you have all those vanished days and months and years to remember, all this loneliness of her life to think of now.'"

"How did you know her life was lovely?" he queried, a little sharply. She hesitated a moment and then said, simply: "I must have been, or you would not have been from your living so much," a tribute to the manly worth in the face she saw before her which was keenly relished by the owner of the face. He sighed and then looked for a time out of the smoky window, then said: "After all, life is a strange world, and, receiving a look of understanding in response to this sentiment, he went on:

"We don't know what is right to do, and yet we're punished by fixed laws if we don't do the right. That doesn't seem just to me."

"Oh, but it will come out straight in next life," she cried eagerly.

"I don't know whether it will or not," he responded. "I haven't seen the next life yet, and I don't know what it is like—don't even know if there will be a next life. I only know that we are hedged in and around in this life."

"But surely the next life will take away all the rough places of this," she said; "it will make us understand all that seems so strange about this and—there must be a future life; God surely would not put us into this life and let so much go out of it incomplete. That seems to me the strongest reason for a future that so many die with their life-work only just begun."

"Is that a reason or a hope with you?" he asked. She hesitated and did not answer, and just then one of the bellies young men who had been a fellow passenger of theirs came in and glanced casually at the two.

That glance made her self-conscious, and a blush dyed the delicate face as she turned, in a decided way, the pages of her book, as if she were determined not to let this stranger get possession of her wandering thoughts again. The young man passed out of the station and the elderly one rose and walked restlessly about the room, knitting the shaggy brows occasionally at some troubled thought. The three hours passed, and a twilight came, and a train came. "Can I assist you?" he asked gently, reaching out his hand, brown hand for some of the numerous bundles she was carrying. She handed some to him and followed his sturdy footsteps to the train. They wandered a little while their fellow-passengers of the morning were not in greater haste, but forgot them presently in the bustle of departure. He secured a pleasant seat for her and then one for himself at some distance from her. A few minutes of waiting, of idle watching of the dark landscape, so soon to be among remembered things, and the train moved slowly out of town, and as it moved away another train steamed in. She looked curiously at the second train, but remembered that this was a junction, and did not obey her first nervous impulse, which was to go to her window protector and ask him if he were sure they were on the right train. She forgot the train

soon, and watched his stern, set face, and felt sorry for him, and wished he might feel as sure of the future as did she. Soon the conductor came, and she watched him as he made his way toward her. When he reached her protector, as she already called him in her inner consciousness, that individual gave a quick start at some words uttered by the conductor, after examination of his ticket. A troubled look settled upon the conductor's face, and he conversed earnestly with the conductor a few moments, then glanced at her and rose and came to her. "I told you," said he, "that we get punished by unalterable laws, and here is a speedy illustration of the fact, only that I feel new that I might have known the right, if I had taken pains to inquire. We are on the wrong train."

She looked deeply troubled, but said after a moment:

"It is of no use to go back to that junction. We might as well go on to Chicago now and go from there; it will really take not much longer, and as you trusted to my leading in the first place, I will, if you will let me, take you safe out of this trouble."

"I am used to taking care of myself," she said, but her lips trembled a little.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and upon receiving his reply added: "I am going beyond there, so it will be no trouble to me to see you safe. I will telegraph your friends to your friends at the next station, and we will reach Chicago in two hours, and the conductor tells me we can immediately take another train back, so that really the worst of it will be the extra four or five hours in the train."

He remained sitting with her and chatted lightly for a time, till her mind was diverted from the unpleasantness of her situation. Gradually they wandered to deeper waters, and talked again, as they had earlier in the day, of the problems of life, and into those queries and answers of theirs crept, ever and anon, a bit of the personal history of each. He learned that a desolate life hers had seemed to be; he learned, too, what a sweet, cheery courage must underlie her whole being that the desolateness should have been so ignored, and he grew ashamed of his own repining over a lot which had so much of brightness in it.

When the train drew into the great depot in Chicago he felt that he had learned to know a pure soul, and she felt a deep pity for the lonely life that opened to her view. And as they took the other train, which was to take them rapidly to their destination, each felt a regret that a few hours more would part them.

He sat silent for a long time after this, wondering if he dared to do the thing he wished. He was lonely, set adrift in the great world by the death of his wife, and he wanted a true, womanly heart to sympathize with him. Could he do better than to ask this lonely woman, who had no kind or kin in the world, to share his lot with him? Could she do better than to take him, she who evidently had summerland in her heart and could make a bit of brightness wherever she was? Each surely needed the other. He asked her if she knew any one in his town, and finding she did know a person residing a few miles from him, he took his resolution quickly.

"I have a good farm out there," he said; "160 acres under fine improvement; house and outbuildings all in fine shape. You can find out all about me from Mr. Lovell, Mass., where there are more bottles of it sold than of any other Sarsaparilla or blood purifier. And it is never taken in vain. It purifies the blood, strengthens the system, and gives new life and vigor to the entire body. 100 doses \$1."

Nothing Made in Vain.

We are told that nothing was made in vain; but what can be said of the fashionable girl of the period? Isn't she maiden vain? Hood's Sarsaparilla is made in Lowell, Mass., where there are more bottles of it sold than of any other Sarsaparilla or blood purifier. And it is never taken in vain. It purifies the blood, strengthens the system, and gives new life and vigor to the entire body. 100 doses \$1.

The Farmer's Dream.

BY R. M. G.

The farmer tips back in the old oaken chair. His hand on his head and his feet on the floor; And he dreams of the days when his prospects were fair. And he worked all the day in a grocery store.

How he measured out sugar for Mary and Rose, And he listened to their chatter and their glee; When he was patient leathers that ruled his life. When he called on Jimmie, just over the hill.

He thinks of the days when they roamed through the fields, And he heard the shrill notes of the gay whippoorwill. When they dreamed of a neat little cot in the shade. Of a button-bell hanging just over the mill.

He looks at these pictures through spectacles bent, And Jimmie he sees in a vision of bliss. Just the same as he looked in the days when he least thought of the wicket across for the tra-la-las kiss.

He thinks of the years that he's worked over-cared, With shovels, rakes, harrow, plow, bean-pole and hoe. He remembers the night to propose that he called, And, oh! how he wished that she'd only said "No!"

For then might his life be of idleness full; He could loaf through the daytime, sunshiny and bright, And not have to lurch an old brindle bull, And jerk up the turnips from morning till night.

But what is the use of his "bah!" and his "pish?" And what is the use of his sadness and woe, And what is the use of the use of the country of his? That he'd courted a girl who could only say "No?"

—Times-Star.

Habitual constipation is not only one of the most unpleasant, but at the same time one of the most injurious conditions of the human system, and is but a forerunner of a host of other troubles. It is usually accompanied by the use of purgatives, which for the time afford relief, but after their immediate effects have passed they leave the system in a worse state than before. To effect a cure it is necessary that the remedy used should be one that not only by its cathartic effects relieves the bowels, but at the same time acts as a tonic, as Sarsaparilla or a sound, healthy condition. This Picky Ash Bitters will do. It removes the cause and restores health.

An excellent way to warm over potatoes is to put a lump of butter into a saucepan; as it melts add a tablespoonful of Sarsaparilla, stirring it so that it will not burn, then pour in a cup of sweet milk, if half cream it will be all the better; season with salt and pepper; stir it with a spoon so that the ingredients will be well mixed, then put in sliced cold boiled potatoes; let them boil for a few moments; send them to the table hot.

Hard sauce, flavored with pineapple, and arranged in the form of one, is a nice addition to corn-starch blanc mange. Make it by mixing two tablespoonfuls of butter with four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, or in this proportion.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, FOR ACIDITY.

Dr. J. S. Hullman, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from acidity, and gives satisfaction in my practice."

No fixed quantity of cream can be depended upon for yielding a certain amount of butter. Cream varies according to the weather and feed. Sometimes it yields less; but at other times, falling below one week and yielding more the next.

Men who suffer from indigestion, remember Allen's Brain Food restores former vigor to brain and body. \$1; 6 for \$5, at druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Avenue, New York.

Bitters will prevent dyspepsia as well as radically cure it. It is a preventive as well as a curative, and an ounce of prevention is always to be preferred to a pound of cure, and hence a timely resort to this powerful and efficacious medicine will fortify your physique against the attacks of this scourge of our race, and if its seeds have already taken lodgment in your system, this same stimulating medicine will utterly destroy them. It can not make any difference how long a person has suffered from dyspepsia, in what form it has made its appearance, the united testimony of thousands prove that it must at once yield before the steady, irresistible work of this famous stomachic. Whether its type is hereditary and constitutional, or otherwise, the effect of the Bitters is always the same. The victim is at once relieved from misery and a cure—absolute and permanent—quickly effected. There is nothing injurious among the ingredients of Mithers' Herb Bitters—nothing that will irritate the stomach, fire the brain or unduly stimulate the heart. It is the one thing useful in these days of general complaint from dyspepsia. Of its wholesome efficacy thousands have testified who were rescued by it from the power of dyspepsia and saved from attendant evils. Has the disease entrenched itself in your system? If so, act wisely and use the great household remedy which will successfully combat and utterly destroy the disease and fortify you against any subsequent attack of it.

Parasites in Sheep.—[Country Gentleman.]

I lay down the proposition. Poorfeed and poor care precede parasitism. I go further and assert that they cause it—and by parasitism, of course, I mean not normal condition to which all beings seem to be hosts for the entertainment of smaller forms of life, but rather that diseased condition in which these smaller forms threaten the very existence of the host.

It is the outcome of my experience with many hundreds of lambs, and my observation upon hundreds more, that a lamb thoroughly well nourished from the beginning never falls a prey to internal parasites. (Perhaps I should accept the grub as the standard, as that is a parasite which seems to attack fat and lean equally.) In the foggy, river bottoms and foothills, where we are compelled to rear our lambs, they are nearly always infested more or less with them; but I have noticed that the cosses or pets reared by hand are almost free from them. I have seen for this except that these latter are better fed, as the "women folks," in their kindly zeal, will not scruple even to scrimp the evening porridge of milk to feed their favorite plump.

Parasites have as great antipathy to fat as a certain evil-disposed person has to hot water. If I were called on to give a preventive for parasitism in lambs, I should prescribe: 1. Feed them; 2. feed them; 3. feed them; not only feed them, but feed the ewes; anything, everything to keep the lambs growing steadily, to keep them strong.

FEVER and AGUE.

FEVER and AGUE cured by 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious, Remittent, and other Fevers (called by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF) so quickly as

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty Cents Per Bottle. Sold by all Drug stores.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion clear, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

We extract from Dr. Radway's "Treatise on Diseases and Their Cures," as follows: List of diseases cured by DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Chronic skin diseases, caries of the bone, humors of the blood, scrofulous diseases, eruptions, pimples, fever, sore, or old ulcers, salt rheum, rickets, white swelling, scald head, cancer, glandular swellings, nodes, warts, and decay of the bone, pimples and blotches, tumors, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder diseases, chronic rheumatism, and gonorrhea, gonorrhea, gonorrhea, gonorrhea, and various of the above complaints, to which sometimes are given special names. In cases where the system has been saturated and malarious has accumulated, and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, the various venereal diseases, etc., the Sarsaparillian will remove away those deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Skin diseases, tumors, ulcers and sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of Dr. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mention only a few cases, but have retained all other treatments.

SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, it will cure the curative range of the

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

It possesses the same wonderful power in curing the worst forms of strumous and eruptive diseases, erythroid ulcers, sores of the eyes, ears, nose, throat, and skin, and in the removal of the virus of these chronic forms of disease from the blood, bones, joints, and in every part of the human body, where there exists diseased deposits, eruptions, tumors, hard lumps or scrofulous inflammation, this great and powerful remedy will exterminate rapidly and permanently.

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation taken in teaspoonful doses, while other bottles require five or six times as much. ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Fortified! tasteless, elegantly coated; purge regular, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Dr. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the intestinal tract. Purely vegetable, contains no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 Cents Per Box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Radway's Sarsaparillian, aided by Radway's Pills, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of dyspepsia disappear, and the system is brought back to its normal condition. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

"False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 31 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Our Pills cure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you get.

**R. R. R. Radway's Ready Relief!**

The Cheapest and Best Medicine FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD CURES AND PREVENTS Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Diphtheria, Influenza, Difficult Breathing.

It was the first and is the only PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Constipation, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or of the glands or organs, by one application.

In From One to Twenty Minutes.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatism, Bed-ridden, Influenza, Crouped Nerves, Neuralgia, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT CURE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Prolapsus of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Sciatic Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs, Sprains, Spasms, Cold Chills and Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Stomachic, Headache, and all other ailments. Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or other stimulants.

**MALARIA, In Its Various Forms, FEVER and AGUE.**

FEVER and AGUE cured by 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious, Remittent, and other Fevers (called by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF) so quickly as

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**Reduction in the Price of Gas!**  
Notice to Gas Consumers and Others.

Your attention is called to the marked reduction in the price of gas, which took effect on the 1st day of March. The Company is now furnishing gas to all consumers at \$1.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. This price is certainly within the reach of all, for both lighting and cooking purposes. The convenience and comfort of cooking by gas, especially during the summer months, where a fire is not otherwise required, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have had experience in its useful application for that purpose. The Company has sold for use in this city during the last four years a large number of gas stoves, and is satisfied from the many testimonials from its patrons, that these stoves "fill a long felt want."

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We Gasoline Stoves changed to Gas Stoves at small expense.

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S. D. PRAY, Secretary.

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